

Mrs. T. H. Gallaudet.

# THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 3.

{ GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me.,  
HENRY W. SYLVE, Hartford, Ct. } Editors.

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NO. 1.

## The Gallaudet Guide, AND

### DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

Published on the First of every month by "THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES." Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

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Editors.—Messrs. GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me., and H. W. SYLVE, Hartford, Ct., to the former of whom all original communications intended for insertion in the Journal should be sent. Miscellaneous and Agricultural items should be sent to the latter.

Advertisements will be inserted for 50 cents per square of 16 lines. They should be sent to Mr. SYLVE as early as possible in the month.

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A VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE, LL. D.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;

And Mamma in her 'kitchen, and I in my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash—

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow

Gave the lustre of midday to objects below;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his couriers they came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!

'Tis a dry leaf that before the wild hurricane fly

When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,

So up to the house-top the couriers they flew,

With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of Toys he had slung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held fast in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;

He had a broad face and a little round belly,

That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself;

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,

Soon made me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

Slowly—slowly—slowly—  
The glowing gold grows dim,  
And busy fingers silently instead  
Weave in the darkness of a sable thread,—  
The early splendor washeth cold and dead,  
As when at vesper hour  
A cry of human woe shall overpower  
The jubilate of a choral hymn.  
For the child asleep on its mother's breast  
Is the marvelous web begun;  
When the daisies bloom on the old man's grave,  
The web of life is done.  
Bending from Heaven,  
Joying and grieving,  
Angels watch over  
The web in its weaving.

O tried and true,  
How shall the garment be wrought for you,  
That your souls may stand  
Crowned and exultant at God's right hand?  
No richer gem in the diadem  
Enriching the monarch's brow appears  
Than the priceless pearls of a mother's tears;  
For a charm against the tempter's snares,  
Weave in the gold of a mother's prayers.  
Tinsel of falsehood  
Glistens there never;  
Truth alone dureth  
Forever and ever.

Weave in the gold of a woman's heart  
The strength of a hero's soul—  
So shall your garments be woven soft  
When you reach the distant goal.  
But strong as the knights of long ago,  
When they went forth to fight with their armor on,  
O dearly loved,  
When the day is done,  
May the angels rejoice  
In a victory won;  
And your robes be free from travel-stain,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain.

### NEW YEAR HYMN.

BY JAMES HACE.

Thanks to our Heavenly Father!  
The angels tune his praise!  
He will permit his children  
Their humbler song to raise.  
Thanks to our Heavenly Father,  
Whose love sustains us here,  
And spurs us yet to welcome  
Another happy year!

For all the years departed,  
For all the years to come,  
For all the thousand blessings  
That crown our happy home;  
For all our loving kindred,  
For all the friends we claim,  
We thank our Heavenly Father,  
And bless His holy name!

[For the Guide.]

### THE DEAF AND DUMB GHOST.

Not long ago, just at this season of the year I was travelling in Southwestern Virginia, and stopped for the night at a country inn called the White Hart, kept by an Englishman, who had given this name to his house in memory of one he used to keep some twenty years ago, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Though a lonely place, embosomed in the mountains, I found it, contrary to my expectations, filled with guests. Some business connected with the location of a new road had called together what was quite a party of country gentlemen from several adjoining counties, who were to pass the night at the White Hart.

Whatever of social ice could exist there was soon melted away by the immense old-fashioned wood fire that roared and crackled in an equally immense and old-fashioned Virginia fireplace; and we soon became very sociable, in the jolly old Virginia fashion; while on the chimney the head of a mighty deer, who had, long years before, fallen on that very spot under the unerring aim of one of the earliest colonists of Kentucky, on his way to that "Dark and bloody ground," smiled benignantly upon us from under its wealth of towering antlers. There was a long December evening before us, and nothing but talk with which to while it away. The wind was whistling mournfully through the woods outside, and as was natural under such circumstances, the conversation soon turned upon the supernatural. Several ghost stories, declared by the narrators to be genuine statements of actual occurrences, were contributed to the general stock by those present. In particular, one gentleman told us of a curious thing, which he assured us had happened in the State of Kentucky not long since, he himself being personally cognizant of the facts.

An old gentleman on his death bed, had had a will prepared, the chief object of which was to emancipate his slaves. As he was very low and very feeble, it was thought best to have the will all ready, with the names of the witnesses and everything, before they brought it to him to receive his own signature. All this having been done, the will was taken to the bedside of the testator. It was placed before him, and the pen was put into his hand; but before it touched the paper, he was seized with a sudden and violent spasm, and died almost immediately, with the pen still in his hand.

The unsigned will being of no legal value, the property of the testator was to be divided among the heirs at law, of whom the speaker was one. A meeting of the heirs was held for the final arrangement of affairs. An unusual degree of seriousness pervaded this assembly, and each one was astonished to see his neighbor with such an air of solemnity about him.

This eventually led to a mutual comparing of notes among them, the result of which was the discovery that each man and woman of the party had seen what he or she had supposed to be the apparition of their deceased relative, since his decease. Some tried to shake off the impression, but tried in vain. The narrator had twice seen what he firmly believed to be the disembodied spirit of his venerable kinsman. He had addressed it, but received no answer. It gazed on him with a sad, regretful look, and then disappeared.

This gentleman refused to accept his share of the negroes. He firmly believed they would be happier with him than if left to themselves; but he was equally convinced that the old gentleman had wished it otherwise, and those wishes he would on no account disregard. Some of his co-heirs were inclined to take the same course, but would not do so unless all the others would concur. Meanwhile some reference was made to the unsigned will, and one of the company expressed a desire to see it. It was in the possession of the nephew of the deceased, who now occupied the house, and had been locked up in a desk ever since it was taken from the fingers of the corpse. The nephew unlocked the desk, took out the parchment, and unrolled it, and was about to hand it to the person who desired to look at it, when he suddenly turned pale, staggered, and seemed almost ready to faint. Greatly astonished, the others inquired what was the matter. He appeared to be incapable of speaking, but pointed with a trembling finger to the bottom of the instrument, where stood the well-known signature of the deceased, as it would have been written by his own hand if he had lived a few minutes longer.

Who did write it? To this day that question remains unanswered. All admitted it to be a perfect fac simile of the old man's writing, which was very peculiar, and very hard to counterfeit. And then nobody had any motive for counterfeiting it. The interest of all concerned lay in a diametrically opposite direction. And besides nobody had had access to the will but the nephew himself, who would have been the chief loser by it, and who, moreover, had never touched it since his uncle's death, and had never parted with the key for a single instant.

The final result, according to our informant, was, that the will so strangely signed, was treated precisely as if it had been completed by the living testator, according to his original purpose. The negroes were set free, and every provision of the will was entirely complied with, as if it had been admitted to probate, and fortified by every official recognition.

When this tale was ended, "Do you know," said one of our company, "that this house, in which we are telling these stories, is itself the scene of such a legend?" Most of the company replied in the negative, and begged to know all about it.

"If I am not mistaken," he continued, "the house known as the 'White Hart' has for years had the reputation of being haunted. But the landlord can doubtless tell you more about it than I can."

The landlord was immediately called for, but it appeared that he had gone to bed, and the young man who officiated as his assistant, being a new comer, could give us no information on the subject. The gentleman who broached the subject was therefore requested to let us have the benefit of such information as he possessed.

"Well," said he, "all I know is, that there used to be a story of a ghost with a bloody knife, haunting these premises. The house, as I have often heard from my father and other old people, was built long ago by an Englishman, who came and purchased a tract of land here, when there was no settlement within many miles of the place. It was thought strange that he should choose to live in such a wild, lonely spot, for he was a man of wealth and education, and had, moreover, a young, lively, intelligent, and very pretty wife, and was in every respect apparently the last person who would voluntarily select such a place to live in.

"Four or five years elapsed before this mystery was solved. At the end of that period, the brother of the man appeared, and claimed the woman as his wife, who had eloped with her paramour, a short time after her marriage. The injured husband had been five years upon their track, and had at last traced them to this spot, in spite of all their efforts to conceal themselves. He had followed them with untiring energy, spending all his time and most of his money in the pursuit.

"The upshot of the matter was a terrible struggle for life between the two brothers, which resulted in the death of the husband. He was stabbed to the heart with a large butcher's knife, and, with the energy of dying hate and despair, pulled it out of the wound himself, held it up all dripping with his blood before the eyes of his murderer, and swore that his ghost should haunt him and his faithless wife, till the last hour of their lives.

"The house was abandoned the same night, and what became of the guilty pair no one ever knew. It is said, however, that the house was for a long time haunted by the ghost of the murdered husband, with the bloody knife in his hand; and it may be to this day, for aught I know to the contrary. It is a very old story, however, and it is quite possible that no one in the neighborhood has ever heard the legend of the ghost with the bloody knife."

With such marvelous recitals the long winter evening was whiled away, till the great old-fashioned box clock in the corner announced that it was time for our heads to be reposing on their pillows, when we dispersed to our sleeping places in various parts of the rambling old edifice. For a country tavern, the house was a large one, but there were guests enough present to tax its utmost powers of accommodation, and I was put in a small garret room by myself.

I do not know how the others felt, but a strict regard for truth obliges me to confess, that I did not sleep that night as calmly and quietly as I usually do. Confused ideas of the various spectres we had talked about flitted before my mind's eye, and seemed to execute a ghostly dance around my bed.

This was the first time I had ever slept in a "haunted house," and though, under ordinary circumstances, such a thing would not have disturbed my equanimity in the least, in this particular instance the ghost with the bloody knife would intrude itself among the confused reminiscences of our evening's conversation, with a persistency that at length made me fairly angry with the gentleman who had related its legend, for exciting such thoughts in my mind. Of all our ghost-talk this alone stuck by me to the last waking moment; and I believe that I could see the bloody blade, and even count the red drops that fell from it, after I had actually begun to snore; and even in my dreams it kept its place in my imagination.

How long I may have slept I know not, but something suddenly awakened me. The first thing I was conscious of noticing was a heavy footfall upon the floor. My chamber was at the top of the house, and this nocturnal wanderer might be directing his steps to any of the rooms below me, or he might come all the way up to me. Which would he do? And what could be the reason of his being abroad at such an unreasonable hour?

There was nothing in the mere fact of any particular importance, but the peculiar state of my nerves caused my heart to throb with accelerated velocity at each succeeding step; and still the night-wanderer drew near, without a pause in his resounding tread, slow, heavy and monotonous. I hoped every moment it would stop at some one of the doors below me; but no, it still came on, on, on, seeming to my excited imagination a type of the restless march of Fate, tramping ruthlessly and recklessly over everything in its way, and bidding defiance to the very gods themselves, who were powerless to arrest it, or even to turn it aside. Never certainly had anything so intrinsically insignificant made so powerful an impression upon me; and if I had known the heavy-footed stranger to be an emissary dispatched to assassinate me, I could hardly have been more horrified at his approach. I had no distinct idea at that time of its being anything supernatural. The heavy tramping was not the gait of a ghost, surely. I merely felt the weight of some nameless horror—I knew not what.

Nearer and nearer, and more and more distinct, the footfalls came, till every other door was past, and mine alone remained. The visit must be designed for me, if for any one. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! I heard the creaking of the garret stairs; I heard the step grow louder and louder, as it reached the platform immediately in front of my door, and then I saw a light shining through the cracks. I remembered with a shudder that the door had no fastening. The heavy step came straight on, paused a moment, and then the door flew wide open.

A tall figure, robed in white, with a lantern in its hand, stalked into the room, and up to the side of my bed, with the same slow, heavy tread. Its lack-lustre eyes were wide open, and stared fixedly at me as it approached. Standing within a yard or two of the bed, it then drew from beneath the folds of its robe, a long, glittering knife, raised it slowly and deliberately, and passed it twice across its own throat, and then wheeled about and left the room. With the same heavy, monotonous tramp, and the same deliberate pace, it descended the stairs, and the noise of the ponderous footfalls gradually died away in the distance.

A cold sweat covered me from head to foot. More than once I had felt a strong temptation to cry out and alarm the house; but a sense of shame restrained me. Now, however, I breathed more easily. The horrid thing was gone, and I most devoutly hoped and trusted that it would return no more.

But my hope was a fallacious one. All was quiet for some time—for an hour perhaps—and I had after a while succeeded in composing myself to sleep, when the same heavy again struck my ear. On it came, tramp, tramp, tramp, precisely as before. I had said, in fact, I had boasted to myself, that if it did return, I would keep cool and examine the thing closely and deliberately. It might perhaps be all a trick of my fellow-lodgers, who had observed my perturbation during the recital of the ghost stories. If so, I would turn the tables upon them effectually. That I was determined upon.

With the echo of the first resounding steps I felt all my boasted calmness passing away. I do not think my body shivered, burned, and perspired, or my teeth chattered and clattered quite as much as before; but I was badly scared, nevertheless. Like the man who "caught a Tartar," I was a good deal more concerned about what it would do to me than about what I should do to it. Though I kept saying to myself that I did not believe it to be a ghost, I felt disagreeably conscious that I was telling a fib all the time. On it came, with the same slow, measured steps, the intervals between which I might readily have reckoned by the loud throbings of my own heart. It approached my chamber, as

before, the the door flew open, as before, and in the blast of cold air that rushed in, I thought I could sniff the odors of the charnel-house.

The same tall figure again advanced, and stood by my bedside, as before. With a tremendous effort I summoned up courage enough to address it, and without precisely admitting the ghosthood of the thing, I demanded in a voice stern in purpose but tremulous in fact, "what it wanted with me?"

"The horrid creature made no reply, but continued to gaze intently upon me with its glassy eyes, while it nodded once or twice, and then produced the knife again, and drew it across its throat. I returned its stare with interest, but it was as much as I could do to suppress a shriek of horror, when I observed that the knife, which before had been clean and bright, was now dripping with blood! With another solemn and emphatic nod, the tall figure wheeled about and stalked to the door, and disappeared; its heavy tread, however, still marking its course till it gradually died away in the distance.

Any more sleep that night was out of the question; nor was there much time for it, as the first gray light of dawn was already visible. As soon as it was far enough advanced to enable me to see how to dress, I rose, put on my clothes, and descended the stairs. After taking a turn or two in the open air, I met the landlord, who, judging from appearance, I supposed to have just left his bed.

"Good morning, sir," said he, "I am afraid you have not rested well." You look as pale as if you had seen a ghost."

"Maybe I have. You have such an article here I am told."

"A ghost?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of it, if there is."

"Isn't there a story about a ghost with a bloody knife haunting these premises?"

"No sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am quite sure. There is such a story, but it is not about this place. It belonged to another public house, about twelve miles further up the valley."

"What is that house called?"

"The 'White Horse.'"

"And this is the 'White Hart'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then my informant must have made a mistake—deceived, probably, by the similarity of the names. But, be that as it may, I saw something—a figure all in white—in my room last night, which looked more like a ghost than anything I ever saw before. And it had a bloody knife in its hand."

"The mischief you did? The ghost must have made a mistake, and got into the wrong house. But you couldn't have seen much of it in so dark a night."

"It had a lantern, and—great heaven! There it is now!"

It was the same identical figure stalking slowly past us, with the same slow, heavy tread, and the same knife in its hand. It wore a long white shirt, over a pair of white pantaloons; but it had no lantern this time. "Mine host" turned in the direction in which I pointed, and as soon as he caught sight of the ghost, began to laugh so heartily, that it shook his fat sides and very conspicuous abdominal rotundity "like a barrel of jelly."

"I see how it is," said he, as soon as this cabminatory convulsion had subsided sufficiently to enable him to speak intelligibly; the ghost was a flesh and blood one, and of the most substantial, Dutch-built description, too. You might have guessed that much, I should think, from his style of walking. I heard him myself, but I went to sleep again in a minute or two afterward."

"But who is he?—and why did he come stalking up to my chamber, in that extraordinary fashion?"

"I am very sorry that he disturbed you. But it was all a mistake. He is a poor deaf and dumb fellow, who goes by the name of 'Dutch Billy.' I had employed him to come and help us kill hogs. He is very industrious,



and no doubt had his fire made, and several hogs killed before daybreak. My overseer usually sleeps in the garret-room which you occupied, and I had told Billy to go up and wake him when he was ready to commence operations. That was before you came, and I forgot to tell him afterwards that the overseer had gone to his mother's to sleep. So Billy mistook his man, and called you in his place. I don't think he ever saw the overseer. At all events, he knows him very imperfectly, if at all. Deaf and dumb as he is, he made the gesture with the knife to explain his errand; and finding that his first visit was unsuccessful, he made a second one, and took with him, no doubt, the bloody knife with which he had been sticking the hogs, as proof that the work had already begun, and the overseer's presence was desirable."

I accepted the landlord's explanation, and declined his invitation to stay for breakfast, having no wish to be present when my nocturnal adventure should be served up along with the coffee.

## The Gallaudet Guide AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

HARTFORD, CONN., JANUARY, 1862.

NOTICE.—If any one of our readers has a copy of the first number of the Guide—that for January, 1860—which he can spare, he will confer a great favor by sending it at once to the Junior Editor.

WITH this number commences the third volume of the GALLAUDET GUIDE. Under the management of our able and talented predecessors, Messrs. Chamberlain and Smith, seconded by a wise and energetic Executive Committee and aided by a brilliant corps of contributors, the enterprise inaugurated "mid doubts and fears, has been placed on a firm and permanent basis. With the opening of the third volume comes a change of locality and a change of Editors. The former change will be hailed with joy by nearly every New England mute. For the Guide will, for the ensuing year, be published at Hartford,—"Old Hartford," the scene of the labors of the loved and honored Gallaudet, the self-sacrificing Clere, the high-principled, energetic Weld, and of Mr. Turner, whose many and varied qualities no adjective can be found to express. In the hearts of all her children the name of "Old Hartford" is intertwined with many pleasant memories of other days. To the mutes of New England she has been truly an *alma mater*, and in saying that the few short years passed within her walls were happiest of our boyhood, we but echo the almost unanimous sentiment of those who have been the recipients of her fostering care.

For the future of the GUIDE we have strong hopes and ardent expectations. We will endeavor to make it what it was intended to be, a link between the souls of those who, bound together by the fellowship of a common misfortune and a common language known to few besides themselves, are yet scattered over a vast extent of territory, and unable to assemble and commune with each other except at long intervals. Our aim shall be to make it of interest and value to all, with special reference to the Deaf and Dumb. And in this endeavor we hope to receive the assistance of all who have the welfare of the Deaf and Dumb, at heart; particularly, we hope that those mutes and semi-mutes, whose talents and education raise them above their fellows, will not now relax their efforts to render it at once useful and entertaining.

In our official character as editor of the GUIDE, we shall, as far as the affairs of the New England mutes are concerned, regard ourselves simply as the mouthpiece of the New England Gallaudet Association. With one exception (as explained in a succeeding article) we shall not meddle with any dissensions or quarrels that may arise, for nothing in our opinion could be more disastrous to the interests of the GUIDE than to have it become the bone of contention between opposing parties, an event certain to happen when the editor so far forgets his obligations as a gentleman and his duty to those who have entrusted him with the publication of their sentiments, as to parade his own opinions or those of any clique or party in such a manner that they may appear to be the authorized statement of those of the whole. Whenever any subject comes up concerning which there is no ill feeling we shall not hesitate to treat upon and give our opinions concerning it so long as they do not clash harshly with those of any considerable number of our fellow members of the Association. With reference to matters of a general nature, our course shall be perfectly independent or nothing. Let it not be understood, however, that we are of Quaker proclivities and disposed to turn tail on every one who shakes a stick at us. We are a strong party man, and would relish nothing better than a fierce encounter with some knight of the quill worthy of our steel. It is not improbable that, whenever we can do so without crowding out the communication of some worthy correspondent, we shall proceed to descend from our high stool: doff our editorial toggery: don

some *nom de plume*: throw our paste-pot at the head of some impudent correspondent and our scissors at our "d—l," and forthwith "go in for a free fight" on our own individual hook.

One of our correspondents takes Mr. Smith to task for his unfortunate inability to please everybody's taste, and lashes him for that *heinous crime* (!) at a tremendous rate. Whew! This is ominous of the doleful state we shall be in, one year from now, when our successor that is to be, steps into our vacated boots. Seriously, we think our correspondent is unacquainted with the nature of the case or he would have been less captious in his criticism. Mr. Smith served without any compensation whatever, and his duties at the Registry were so arduous that it was impossible for him to devote more than a tithe of his time to the paper. He never, as far as we are aware, received the smallest favor from hearing and speaking teachers of deaf-mutes: on the contrary he received kicks instead of kindness from a great majority of them. Under these and many other unfavorable circumstances Mr. Smith had to struggle almost single handed. Our correspondent 1st, finds fault with "Senex," "J. R. B.," and "R. P.'s" communications and blames Mr. Smith for inserting them, and 2nd, condemns all stories, &c., as useless and hurtful weeds, and seems to censure Mr. Smith for not rooting them out. Referring to the first of these captions: if our correspondent considers the articles of "Senex," "Raphael Palette," "J. R. B.," "En Avant," Flournoy and others unworthy of insertion, why then *did not he write, and encourage his friends to write, something better and thus crowd them out?* As to the second: if Mr. Smith's miscellaneous matter was not in accordance with our correspondent's taste, why *did not he forward to him some that he considered preferable, or write and tell him in what books and magazines such matter could be found?* If he excuses himself on the ground that he had not sufficient interest in the paper to do so, then why does he, all of a sudden, *become interested enough to find fault with it?* Had Mr. Smith stricken out all the communications referred to, he would not have had, on an average one page of original matter, and had he left out the stories and anecdotes altogether, with what should he have filled up the remaining eighteen columns?

The GUIDE is a decided success. It has a circulation quite as great as the greatest ever attained by the "deafest" "American Academy," and already more than pays expenses. The hearing and speaking teachers have stood by marking and pointing the finger of scorn at its defects, and, until now, scarcely one has ever raised a finger to remedy them, or offered a word of encouragement. The GUIDE is now the only periodical of any consequence devoted to the interests of the Deaf and Dumb in the United States if not in the world, and why should not all who have their welfare at heart, contribute to increase its value and enlarge its sphere of usefulness? We have undertaken to tear in pieces this aspersion of Mr. Smith's conduct, because he is not now in a position to defend himself, and because we consider the aspersion itself ungenerous and unjust, although intentionally so. The writer speaks, apparently, in behalf of the subscribers of the GUIDE, from the State where he himself resides. For this reason alone we give his strictures a place in our columns. Were it otherwise, our scissors would be brought into requisition.

### Visit to Boston.

We visited Boston, some months since, in our capacity as Manager for Maine. Our ostensible object was to attend the meeting of the Board of Managers, and do our duty as a member, but we fear we were almost entirely oblivious, while there, to any object other than that of having a good time. That we attained this object no one, considering the time, place, and circumstances, can doubt. We were the guest of Amos Smith Jr. Esq. of East Boston. However many flaws, real or imagined, we may be disposed to pick in the matter of our host's opinions on questions of public policy, there can be no mistake about it. Mr. Smith and his estimable lady have a truly wonderful gift of pleasing and making a guest feel at home, as all who have been the recipients of their hospitality can amply testify.

Little Jennie Eudora was much petted by us, as she is by every one. Verily, we sadly fear people will spoil that child one of these days.

CONVERSION OF DEAF MUTES IN FRANCE.—The *Witness for Truth*, a French paper, gives an interesting account of the conversion of a deaf and dumb young man. He was an idler and a drunkard, and so hostile to religion that it filled him with rage to see his parents engage in any act of worship. But a most striking change has taken place, and he now gives every evidence that he has been renewed by the Spirit. The first question he asks a stranger is, "Do you love the Lord?" and if he answers "Yes," he grasps his hand and lifts his eyes expressively towards heaven. This wonderful conversion his parents regard as a signal answer to prayer. Eight deaf and dumb persons, formerly Romanists, have united with

the Protestant Church in Brussels. Thus do even the dumb, in a most remarkable manner, praise God.

We have received from a much esteemed friend some lines entitled "The Night after Christmas,"—an offset to "The Night before Christmas,"—which came too late for the present number; they will appear in the next.

### OUR LETTER BAG.

We have received the following communication from President Brown, accompanied by a request—with which we cheerfully comply—for its publication in the GUIDE:

WEST HENRIER, Dec. 15, 1861.

Messrs. Editors.—Dear Sirs: You are about to enter upon the duties, doubtless new to you, of your editorial post; and, in order to avoid future trouble I deem it my duty to give you some advice.

You have the right to edit the GALLAUDET GUIDE independently of any control; and it is your duty to write upon such topics and in such a style as you think will most interest your readers, and, especially, be intelligible to the deaf and dumb; to receive and insert communications, rejecting such as you think best; and to give the most important news, with items of interest to deaf mutes, and in particular graduates of the American Asylum. You are at liberty to discuss any subject you please within proper limits, always having a due regard for the interests of the Association; and when you are in doubt what course to pursue on any subject, or with regard to any communication, the matter should be laid before the Executive Committee.

It is much to be desired that all who wish to take the GUIDE, should remember to send their subscriptions with their names and post-offices legibly written, to the Treasurer of the Association, Mr. Charles Barrett, care of Wm. G. Clark, Esq., 5 1-2 Joy's Building, Boston; and their addresses can be forwarded to the Editor at Hartford, monthly, and to their respective State Managers, quarterly.

The Editors should send their bills, countersigned by the two members of the Executive Committee at Hartford, to Mr. Samuel Rowe, Lawrence, Mass., who will sign them and hand them to the Treasurer for payment. But bills against the Fund of the Association in bank must have the signature of the President.

The State Manager should use the most urgent efforts to promote subscriptions to the GUIDE, now that it is placed upon such a substantial basis.

It would be well for the Secretary, Treasurer, Executive Committee, and Editors, respectively, to keep me, as President, informed of all important matters, that I may be in a position to give advice when needed.

Messrs. Editors, I would advise you to edit the GUIDE well and economically, and in such a manner as to arouse no prejudices against it, but on the contrary to please every class of readers; you would, for instance, do well to insert in each number accounts of visits made during the past month to the Am. Asylum by its old pupils and others connected with sister Institutions, with such particulars of their occupations, etc., as may seem proper.

It is earnestly hoped that the GUIDE will continue to receive the patronage of all former subscribers.

Our Association and its organ were established for the benefit of deaf mutes scattered all over the world after leaving the Institutions at which they received their educations. It is therefore hoped that the Teachers and all others connected with Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb will take and evince much interest in our enterprise.

May God speed the GUIDE!

Yours truly, THOMAS BROWN,  
Pres't N. E. G. A. of D. M.

The following pertinent letter is from an eminent instructor of the Deaf and Dumb in one of the Western States. It expresses our sentiments much better than we could, and therefore we publish it, begging the author's pardon for the liberty:

"If you afford proper encouragements to speaking teachers, you will in all likelihood hear from them more frequently. And to this end let me say as a friend, there are several things necessary. First: It is necessary that the GUIDE maintain a certain *dignity of character*. If you let Tom, Dick and Harry write anything they please for your columns and under any sort of *nom de plume* they choose, the GUIDE will very soon begin to depreciate. If I had the editorial management of your paper I would not let any such name as — appear in my columns. Nor would I permit any low vulgarity to have a showing in them. I want the GUIDE to be a good paper, and to be successful. We are true friends of the mutes, out here, and what we say to you I hope you will take in good part. If you make the GUIDE adapted to the wants of the New England mutes exclusively, why, of course, it will be of no service to mutes in the West. Give it a general interest, and you will not want for subscribers.

"Now I have written quite a long letter. I hope you will take what is said herein as coming from a friend and well-wisher.

Yours truly,

A valued correspondent, hailing from the far West, whose *nom de plume* is familiar to every reader of the GUIDE, writes:

"In the matter of writing for the GUIDE, the subjects treated of by 'SENEX,' 'R. P.' and others, I consider exhausted, or, at least, sufficiently discussed, and am disposed to await the coming up of new questions.

"Cannot you get — and others of the old pupils to give some traditions of their early days at Hartford? We have traditions of those 'good old times' when the then pupils suffered more than they would like to endure now. These traditions might be preserved in print.

"If some good writer among us should visit President Brown or other noted deaf mutes it would be well for him to describe such visit in the GUIDE.

"When Flournoy comes out of the corner where he has hidden till the war is over, you may expect to receive for publication, a whole folio of his wrath."

The first suggestion is a good one. If any one has "traditions" or recollections of his schoolboy days stowed away in the lumber-room of his memory, he would oblige us and gratify our readers by forwarding it for publication. This invitation applies equally to graduates of "Hartford," and those of the New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky and all other Institutions between here and the antipodes. We do not promise to publish all that are sent to us, but we will try to select the cream of them.

### BORN.

At East Windsor Ct., Dec. 12th, 1861, a daughter to Azel S. Roe, Jr., Esq., lately a Professor in the Louisiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind.

### MARRIED.

At Geneva, N. Y., at the residence of Mr. N. Denton, by the Rev. Thomas Tousey, June 11th, 1861, Mr. Wm. S. Works of Hannibal to Miss Sally Bronson of Geneva Co., N. Y., both deaf mutes.

At Uncasville, New London County, Conn., Oct. 31, by the Rev. T. B. Gurney, Mr. Frederick Fox of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to Miss Abigail N. Newcomb of Sandwich, Mass., both deaf mutes.

### DIED.

In Hartford, Dec. 15th, Hon. THOMAS SCOTT WILLIAMS, President of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, in the 85th year of his age. He was highly esteemed as a man, as a christian, as a lawyer, and as a judge, for his integrity, his ability, and his benevolence. He was for four years Mayor of this city, many times a Representative in the Legislature, and for two years a member of Congress, where he rendered important aid in obtaining a grant of land, which produced a large fund of the Asylum. He was one of the first appointed Directors of the Institution, which office he held for eleven years, and was annually chosen President since 1840. The duties of these offices he performed with great fidelity, and ever proved himself to be the true friend of the deaf and dumb, and of all engaged in their education.

At the American Asylum, December 23d, 1861, of dropsy on the brain, WINNIE DOOLEY, aged 11 years, from Fitchburg, Mass.

At Hartford, Ct., Dec. 26th, 1861, after a short but severe attack of palpitation of the heart, WILLIAM BOONE STYLE, second son of Rev. E. W. Style, aged 9 years, 9 months, and 25 days.

We would request special attention to the following letter. The object it recalls to the remembrance of our readers, is in every way such a deserving one, that it is by no means creditable to us deaf mutes, to have so long neglected it. We reprint the note from Mrs. Keith referred to below.

### A GREAT GOOD BY A SMALL EFFORT.

EDITORS OF THE GALLAUDET GUIDE: Gentlemen: In your issue of June last I observe a letter from my Missionary friend and sister, Mrs. Keith, of Shanghai, introduced by a few lines from Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, of New York. The object of the letter is to enlist the co-operation of the Deaf Mutes of this favored land in the work of giving to the heathen Chinese a translation of the "Youth's Book on Natural Theology." I would suggest that the letter itself be reprinted, as a matter deserving of reconsideration.

I may mention, as showing the interest taken in works of this sort, by those who understand the wants of the heathen, and who give their attention to these subjects, that the American Tract Society has made a grant to Mrs. Keith, (who superintends a Mission press at Shanghai,) of the numerous pictorial illustrations which are necessary to a full understanding of the work itself. And if, now, the deaf mute readers of this communication will either give themselves, or collect and remit to Mr. Gallaudet, as he suggests, just one dollar each, *without delay*, a great good will be accomplished at a small sacrifice on the part of each one who takes "a share" in so good an "investment."

Hoping that this plan will commend itself to at least 120 minds and hearts, I remain

Yours very truly,

E. W. STYLE,  
Late Missionary in China.

The following is the letter referred to in Rev. Mr. Style's communication above. We reprint it from the GUIDE for June last in compliance with his suggestion.—Ed.

SHANGHAI, Nov. 20th, 1860.

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET. Dear Sir: Having but lately had the pleasure of perusing the memoir of your good and honored father, I take the liberty of addressing you as to an object, in which I am sure, he would feel a lively interest.

It was my privilege last winter, to translate into the Shanghai dialect, his little work called "Child's Book on the Soul," and it is now ready for the press, with the hope of making it useful in schools. I am now about to begin the translation of the "Youth's Book of Natural Theology," for the same purpose.

It has occurred to me that it might be an interesting and pleasant idea to the members of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in New York city, to contribute to the fund for the printing of this latter work. Such an act would be at once a memorial to your honored father, whose labor of love they must ever keep in grateful remembrance, and at the same time a deed of benevolence kindred to his, in doing what they can to enlighten the dark minds of these Chinese heathens.

The sum required to bring out an edition of 1000 copies would be about \$120, and any surplus that might remain, would be applied to the printing of other books.

Should the object meet your approval, it would give me peculiar pleasure to have you commend it to the deaf and dumb in the institution, and in the church over which I believe you have the charge. I feel no doubt that you, dear sir, will agree with me in thinking, that it will be good for them to have their *acting sympathy* drawn out to the heathen; and I am sure that it will lend additional interest to the book, when in teaching it, the Chinese children shall be told who it was composed the work, and who gave the money for printing it in their language. The books above referred to, are among the few that can be well adapted to translation; indeed, they are so perfect that they will not bear any omission or alteration. I have heard of other works by your father, but I have not seen them, and the only one I can call to mind at this moment, is the Universal History, (I think, that is the title) so highly commended. Perhaps at some future time, I shall find that also available and useful for our schools. Conscientiousness, clearness, and simplicity, are merits rarely combined, but they are all found to a rare degree in these books.

It is a matter of regret to me, that I have never visited an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb; but no heart of even common benevolence can fail to be interested in what has been accomplished for their instruction and happiness.

Yours, very truly,

CAROLINE P. KEITH.

For the GUIDE.

### BELLIGERENT NOTES.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE UNION—JAMES BUCHANAN AND HIS CABINET—FALL OF SUMTER—PATRIOTIC UPRISING OF THE LOYAL STATES—BALTIMORE MOB—BLOCKADE OF WASHINGTON—BEN BUTLER—THE SEVENTH REGIMENT—THE DAY AFTER BULL RUN—THE FIRE ZOUAVES—THEIR RISE AND FALL—GENERAL McCLELLAN.

WASHINGTON, December, 1861.

DEAR AUGUSTUS: I remember the conversation well. I felt that you spoke in too cheerful and confident a strain. You were sure, you said, that, although it seemed as if every spark of patriotism had died out in our breasts, Providence was only waiting for some great occasion on which to prove to the world that its fires yet burned with a pure and steady glow. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

I could not join in your feelings. I saw a vacillating, unprincipled, cowardly old man sitting in the high place of the nation, surrounded by a Cabinet most of whose members were deeply involved in the conspiracy to bring disgrace and disaster upon the country. I saw gray-haired men rise in the Senate, and proclaim themselves traitors, while the floor and galleries shook with applause; they perjured themselves, spit upon the Constitution they had sworn to support, and got open praise instead of the indignant rebukes which they deserved. All over the North men were fiercely demanding that traitors should have their own way. Politicians were prepared and willing to betray their country for office; merchants were eager to do the same for gold. At the South the disunionists rose as one man, and crushed, it seemed how easily and quickly, all opposition. National property was stolen, forts and navy-yards treacherously appropriated. And the Southern people, who imagine themselves the soul of honor, saw no shame, but rather glory, in these acts.

No wonder I could not think with you, dear Augustus, as I saw these things. But after all, I was wrong. When Sumter fell,

then the great occasion came, and the world saw the "Uprising of a great nation."

But while the North rose, the mob of Baltimore rose also. Those were dark days for us in Washington. We were cut off from all communication with our friends at the North. On every side we were surrounded by armed traitors. The city was full of their spies and sympathizers. All sorts of rumors flew about, keeping the people in a state of constant anxiety and suspense. It was said that Washington was to be starved into submission. It was noticed that country people no longer brought the produce of their farms and gardens to our city markets, and that all importation of flour and other provisions was stopped by the enemies around us.

The rebels might have taken Washington, but Gen. Scott was here and they dared not face the stern old man. They feared his trained regulars, and the Bay State boys who had so gallantly pushed through Baltimore to help us. So they waited for reinforcements, trusting to Baltimore to keep any assistance from coming to us. But while Baltimore watched the front door, she left a window open and unguarded, and Ben Butler walked in with his regiments of Jacks-of-all-trades. Once in the rear, the mob was cowed by a threat to burn the house over their heads, and they slunk away to their holes. Meanwhile they muttered revenge, and hid their pikes and revolvers under floors and in garret corners.

One warm Spring afternoon the New York Seventh entered Washington. You know, Augustus, that our little home is situated very near the line of railroad connecting Washington with the North. Since the memorable day when the Massachusetts Sixth were mobbed, no trains had passed by. So on that beautiful April day as we rushed out to the piazza, and saw the locomotive and cars sweep by once more, it was to our eyes a most welcome sight. Soldiers crammed every part of the cars, covered the roofs and platforms, while a crowd of them occupied the engine and tender; one or two sat on the "cow-catcher," rifle in hand, ready to pick off any bloody-minded Secessionist, who should be seen tearing up rails or otherwise impeding the progress of the brave volunteers rushing to the defense of their country's capital. From that hour we breathed more freely. A constant stream of troops and war material poured into Washington, till our generals began to feel hopeful, then confident, then eager and aggressive.

You tell me, Augustus, the feelings with which, in your quiet New England home, you read the accounts of the battle of Bull Run. I could hardly give you any idea of how the battle affected us here. The distant booming of artillery could be distinctly heard, and knots of people gathered in the streets discussing the bulletins that came in every half-hour from the battle-field. It was believed that our forces had pressed steadily onward, victorious in every encounter, but it was known, also that the carnage had been awful.

Monday dawned dark and dreary, a fitting prelude to the sad story we were to learn that day. I happened to be in the city, Augustus, as the news of the disastrous result was fully confirmed. The rain was pouring down from clouds heavy with blackness. A gloom hung over the city, and its dark shadows were cast upon almost every countenance. There were those whose faces were lighted, it seemed to me, with a sort of devilish joy. No doubt they thought that before many hours had passed, they would see their friends Jeff and Beauregard enter Washington in triumph. It is a satisfaction to know that they were disappointed. But surely it is passing strange that the Confederates did not follow up their success on the 21st of July. They might have entered the city with the crowd of panic-stricken fugitives hurrying pell-mell from the battle-field. The rag of the conspirators might have fluttered over the Capitol, and probably the hated Lincoln and his ministers would have fallen into their hands. France and England would have hastened to welcome Secession as a sister nation. Indeed it is wonderful to think what a prestige the act would have given her in the eyes of the world.

That Washington was not taken then we ascribe to Providence alone. Talk of want of transportation! Washington is only a day's march from Manassas. Attribute it to lack of men and means! The Confederates had just demonstrated to their own satisfaction that they had men and means enough to defeat an army of over 40,000 men. They have always claimed that by the prowess of their arms they won the battle and drove this army, terrified and utterly disorganized, from the field. Not half as many troops would have met them in battle array had they advanced to seize the prize that lay within their grasp. Who doubts that if Napoleon or any man of half his military genius had commanded the Confederate forces, a part of his army would, within twenty-four hours from that Monday morning, have been quartered in Washington, and another part in Baltimore?

Our nation's heart never received such a stab as it did on that day, and we in Washington stood where the wound sank deepest. I never saw and never wish to see again, such a universal expression of white terror and haggard anxiety. Soldiers, or rather men that were soldiers but a few hours before, hur-



ried through the streets, covered from head to foot with mud and powder stains, and with what clothes they had on in tatters. Many had no shirts; others had neither coats nor shoes. More than one stepped with bare feet over the flags of the sidewalk, while the remains of both stockings and shoes still hung round the ankles. This may seem ludicrous to you now, but you would not have smiled then. Ambulances came and went till the hospitals were full, and generous and patriotic citizens threw open their houses to sick and disabled soldiers.

For some days after, thousands of men crowded the sidewalks and roamed the city without restraint. They were so utterly disorganized that neither persuasions nor threats could bring them back to their camps.

Among these roving characters the "Fire Zouaves" made themselves conspicuous by the careless, cheerful, would-like-to-do-it-again air with which they carried themselves in the midst of the prevailing gloom and despondency, and by the Baron-Munchausen coloring which they imparted to their adventures and exploits. You saw on a street corner at times one of these Zouaves describing with infinite *vim* and an air of sincerity ludicrously solemn, scenes in which he had been the prominent actor, dealing death and dismay on the foe in a way altogether superhuman. Their listeners would absorb every word with an interest commensurate with the theme, and a credulity worthy of a more truthful narrative.

Artless newspaper correspondents translated their graphic slang into graceful rhetoric: editors grew enthusiastic over their valor, so patient, constant and devoted, and gallantry so desperate and sacrificing. Enterprising pictorialists the week after the battle had illustrations in which the daring Zouaves figured in all manner of heroic positions;—here, naked to the waist, they were engaged in their fearful hand-to-hand encounter with the Black-Horse Cavalry; there, they were to be seen vaulting over a masked battery in somersets that might well transfix the astonished artillerymen to the spot for the rest of the day.

An indignant and outraged public has revenged itself for having been so easily deceived. The "Pet Lambs" are a bye-word and hissing in the ear of the Nation. But let me say a good word for them. Their faults were those of any ill-disciplined and poorly-offered corps, whose good points have never been appreciated and called into exercise. Above moderation in success, are cheerfulness and gay spirits in adversity, and surely these latter qualities were shown to a praiseworthy degree in the "Pet Lambs."

After a while Washington began to see order come out of chaos. Many of those uneasy spirits that filled the city after the retreat from Manassas disappeared northward, their terms having expired. Moreover McClellan had come, and those who remained recognized in him their master. Since he came, the army in and around Washington has steadily increased in numbers, discipline and *esprit du corps*. I have often heard the army about here computed at 250,000 men; this, however, may be an exaggerated estimate. There is a considerable force of cavalry, and an abundance of horse-artillery, the latter of which is known to be Gen. McClellan's favorite arm of the service. More secrecy is observed concerning it than the others, which rather evinces that something great and important is expected of its operations.

The country has been growing impatient of late at the inaction of this immense army on the banks of the Potomac. The pride of the people of the loyal States cannot brook that a force so considerable and well-equipped should be kept at bay for months by a set of traitors. But we may well trust Gen. McClellan to bring about a battle when the proper time comes. He is fully informed of the numbers, fortifications, and situation of the enemy—which is more than can be said of the enthusiastic and impatient public that urges him on. You, who have the story of McClellan's brilliant campaign in Western Virginia last summer, no doubt remember how, when he had once put his little army in motion and made a successful attack, he followed it up in a series of rapid movements and unexpected blows, and the rebels were so utterly discomfited and routed that they have never since been able in that region to recover the prestige they lost. It is reasonable to suppose that we shall soon see a like series of sudden and complete victories in Eastern Virginia—only on a far grander scale.

For the Guide.

#### MR. DAY'S REPORT.

MR. EDITOR: In compliance with Mr. Burnett's request, as he presumed that my memory was at fault when I said that Mr. Day did not detail the *modus operandi* of teaching articulation, I re-perused Mr. Day's first report thoroughly and with extra attention.

As a report, it evinces his industry and diligence in pursuing the object of his mission. I must with candor remark that it has two prominent features: one, the hopelessness of German system, intensified through every succeeding page, and the other, the New York Institution for deaf-mutes and the American system, glorified in a manner ver-

ifying the popular notion abroad that we, the Americans, are a boastful people. Knowing nearly all the matters, educational and domestic, within the above-mentioned institution, I am sorry to say that of the merits which Mr. Day ascribed to her, she has none; and the laudatory language thus employed without any ground whatever for its necessity, constrains me to question the impartiality with which his report is asserted to have been drawn up.

As to the *modus operandi*, Mr. Day took much pains to investigate and note down every mode,—even describing how the teacher's mouth was opened to its utmost capacity; how the pupil's nose was squeezed; how the paper roller was applied to the hapless victim's tongue. India-rubber tongues were spoken of; in short, no known mode or device had indeed escaped his lynx-like eyes. Yet, strange to say, he said nothing about the signs implying letters and syllables, as was mentioned in my Letter XIX. Did the German teachers mean to conceal this really important mode from his knowledge? He writes: "I record it with pleasure, and to the honor of the German teachers, that in no case in which I thought proper to make the avowal, have they shrunk from the investigation, but on the contrary, they have met the confidence I reposed in them with equal confidence; have been ready to institute any experiment I wished to suggest; have proposed others themselves," &c., &c.

Perhaps that fact actually exists in the report, and it has escaped my notice. If so, Mr. Burnett will please state the exact page, that I may find it. But if it does not, he will perceive that my memory was not at fault.

Did the mute German artist impose on my credulity? What he has stated is fully corroborated by another mute, who graduated at the Berlin school, and now resides in New York, following the business of frame-gilding. In spite of his congenital (not congenial, as the printer made it read in my former letter) deafness, he articulates remarkably well, according to the assertion of my eldest children who have listened to him. He and some other German mutes will certainly with pleasure submit themselves to a close and severe examination which I have to make, in regard to their respective abilities to articulate and read on the lips, and also the real causes of the failures enumerated in Mr. Day's reports. Notwithstanding Mr. Day's depreciating the average acquisition of knowledge among German mutes, they all evince excellent understanding, and, so far as I have ascertained, an ability to write German with more grammatical accuracy than most of American mutes in writing English.

Appropos of the different methods by which German and American mutes are taught, as Mr. Day says: "The German method has advantages for the few: the American method for the mass." I would thank him for an explicit explanation as to what advantages the American method brings to the mass. For one, understanding that the language of natural signs constitutes the American method I cannot see how it can boast of its superiority over the German, as, when I look over the mass, I see but a few who are well educated and improving their minds with due diligence—certainly with the help of dactylography and writing, not of natural signs—while the mass, content with their imperfect knowledge of written knowledge acquired at school, indulge without restraint in the baneful use of natural signs in their colloquial intercourse. It is indeed a rare thing to see them spell even short phrases on the fingers. So far as I have observed and calculated, about one-fifth of these signs represent words; most of the rest are pantomimic representations of actions and motions, often difficult of verbal translation; and others are meaningless, yet graceful in many cases. As has generally been acknowledged, the language of natural signs is very graceful, impressive, and capable of giving expression to anything whatever. For this reason, the mutes—even the Americanized German mutes themselves—are passionately fond of this fatal language, and, consequently, neglect their philological knowledge; they do not relish reading because they cannot understand new words and the grammatical peculiarities of the English language.

I assure my good friend (Mr. B.) that he will in due time know the result of my examination, with my opinions on the merits of the case now under consideration, and probably some suggestions for a trial of teaching our rural mutes articulation. Besides, I shall make therein a few observations on his own invention,—the Syllabic Dactylography, which appears analogous to the pantomimic mode, and which he was so anxious to see fairly introduced into our schools.

Let it be borne in mind that I have hitherto been averse to the introduction of articulation into our schools, but having since seen the German mutes speak, though without fluency, my opinions have undergone a partial change; and the completion of this change depends on the result of my examination.

SENEX, having discharged a broadside at me, and grunted out his adieux to the readers of the *Guide*, turned and took to his heels, with his nose in the direction of Boothia. As soon as his head heaves in sight above the snow-field into which he has just dived headlong—for what reason I do not know—I shall

fling back the missives thereat, and that probably in the February number.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

For the Guide.

#### MORE ABOUT JOHN SMITH.

My low salaried (!) friend John Smith, requests me to tell "SENEX" or whoever it is (I quote his own words), through the medium of the *GUIDE*, that he is most happy to make his acquaintance on paper, and hopes he will, at no distant day, in *propria persona*. Is it too much to say, he asks, that SENEX, with all his good qualities, has gone to the extreme of toadyism in praise of his optics? He protests against SENEX's proposition to discontinue his regular correspondence with the *GUIDE*. No, nor should he let us miss him at any time from the columns of our organ. Why should our paper not be the medium of his communicating with the world? Mr. Smith begs leave to present his very best compliments to SENEX himself, and his respectful love to his present or future wife.

Now turn we to that part of "J. R. B.'s" communication which relates to Mr. Smith's income. I had best give the exact words of my friend the teacher, who, be it understood, has had much experience of city life.

"The author of the 'Tales of the Deaf and Dumb,'" quoth he, "breathes, moves, and has his being in the country, or, to use the other term, is a countryman, all of that and nothing less. He seems to think that I spend without limit. I declare, on my own knowledge, that if I go into the country and live as he does, I will accomplish a positive saving, in provisions alone, of \$400 a year; but here in the city, where I must 'pay as I go,' I cannot bring my expenditures within the measure of my salary, although my wife is a very Phoenix for economy. Not only I, but my associate teachers (deaf), have sometimes been driven into greater expenditures than we could afford, in order to keep up the appearance of living decently. J. R. B.'s friend imputes to me the omission, for some purpose unknown to him, of turtle-soup and wines from my bill of fare. Bless his soul, he knows nothing of city life, and the enormous expenses for eatables involved. To expect that a married man with an income of six hundred a year, can, to imitate the phrase of Dickens, edge his way, along the crowded paths of life, without his necessary expenditure running him in debt, would prove one a blockhead. We, my wife, child, girl and myself, generally consume three pounds of butter per week, which cost 35 cents each; so at the end of the year we will have expended some \$50 in butter alone. There have been times, however, when the price of butter rose to 50 cents a pound. In the single item of leather, the expenses of my family fall heavily upon me. As J. R. B. is a countryman, (to use a gentle word,) and therefore unacquainted with the expenses of city life, it is unnecessary to follow up the numerous details of my memorandum of family expenses.

"My wife's sister, who lives in a country town, recently dined with us; she complained of the inferior quality of our butter. When I told her that the bad butter, as she called it, was 35 cents a pound, she stared at me as if she thought me a madman. She said that in her country town they sold butter at 12 cents a pound. But how much greater was her astonishment when I told her that we could not get a dozen eggs in the city for less than 25 cents. She said that the milk which we, that is, of the city, drank was bad; placing an emphasis on the word *bad*. Between ourselves, the milk, of which you and I swallow a mouthful every morning and evening, killed my dear infant son straightway. My wife's sister, who has been bred and brought up, and hopes to end her days, in the country, on being informed that I had an income—which is J. R. B.'s favorite word—of six hundred a year, declared that she did not see how I could support my family on such a pittance.

"Wine is a costly luxury: we cannot afford to handle it in the fashion of the many who are salaried at one thousand dollars a year." I desired to know what Mr. Smith thought of the school J. R. B. mentioned; but seeing that at the mention of the school he turned up his nose with a look of ineffable disgust, as if the name of the school smelled rank in his nostrils, I subsided into a decent silence.

"My wife, let me say," continued my friend the teacher, "never throws money out at windows, as Paul Pry would say. She is constrained to confess, what she, stupid woman, has hitherto doubted, that in order to appear decently in society, we must needs go to considerable expense in clothing ourselves nicely.

"Oh! I. R. B. not to know that the ordinary expenses of any family, if not now, will surely be increased by the *doctor's bills*! Were you at the head of a mute school in New Jersey, I would send you my budget of estimates for my family expenses for the year 1862. Pray, sir, why should the mute teachers not be compensated at the same rate as others? Is it because they happen to be deficient in two senses? I do love to see the \$1000 a year teachers enjoying the good things of this life; for why should we not be merry while the sun shines? But, in God's name, what is the matter that they refuse to accord equal privileges to their unfortunate,

though not less deserving associates? I beg that you, as well as the officers of the American mute schools, will get Dickens' 'Christmas Carol' by heart. If my hearing colleagues get \$600 a year, then I must be bound to hold my tongue. I am not of a murmuring disposition; by no means. I point to the last Convention of the teachers out West as proving hostile demonstrations from the mutes. A few nobodies, who, in Scriptural language, love to sit in darkness, wrote to the New York papers an account of the proceedings of this Convention, not omitting to mention the reasons assigned for the almost universal practice of underpaying mute instructors. I say *almost universal*, because the Missouri, Columbian and Kentucky schools do not underpay mute teachers. According to a statement in the *Chicago Tribune and Press*, the hearing teachers present at the convention in question, who, with a few exceptions, were an unit against the deaf teachers, were 'devoted, heart and soul, to a cause where ambition and the hope of wealth must be abandoned.' This is all mock tenderness about the sanctity of brotherly love.

"If equal compensation is objectionable, then let no mute be employed as a teacher. What is most devoutly wished is this: that in every school for the deaf and dumb, mute teachers should be placed on the same footing, in this particular, with their more fortunate associates. No more talk about the propriety of meting out justice by half to mute teachers.

"I have plied the tedious task of instruction for the last twenty-five years, but I have accumulated nothing to secure comfort to my declining years.

"They say I must work at half-price because I am deaf-dumb. But when I go to make a purchase, they expect full pay and decline to abate a single cent from their usual charges for their goods, notwithstanding my deaf-dumbness."

Mr. Smith will record his solemn conviction that if equal pay will not be allowed to mute educators, his humble servant, who goes by the name of "THE MANUAL ALPHABET," will "carry the war into Africa."

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

N. B.—I notice several typographical errors in my communication on the "Reports of Mute Asylums," as in "Two Mute Schools in Mass.," "John Smith's Children," and other pieces, but I have not time to point them out.

For the Guide.

#### A WORD ABOUT JOHN SMITH.

My friend, JOHN SMITH, takes leave to state that he is not the "JOHN" who wrote a little piece in the *GUIDE* for December, headed 'Style.' Some folks hereabouts think that the name "JOHN" is the part of the whole JOHN SMITH, and was diminished to its proportions in order to answer the purpose he had in view. Mr. Smith does not seem to relish so close a proximity to one who abuses the partner of his bosom in broad terms.

In Mr. Smith's language, "My wife studies to adjust her expenses to my income; self seems annihilated in her. She consults me on the state of provisions and other family matters; she looks over my accounts every week; and expends with prudence. One cannot impose upon her a farthing, if one would. She is aware that men constantly engaged in worldly concerns, meet with many vexations of which women can have no idea; and therefore she studies to supply me with what may by any possibility contribute to my comfort. In her society I am sure to meet a balm for all vexations. Nothing delights her (as I have it from herself) more than

"To sit by household god."

My maid begs to bear her testimony, being an eye-witness, to

"Those thousand deencies that daily flow From all her words and actions."

My dear wife labors with might and main to live within my income, and will cut off, without reluctance, superfluities which do not affect comfort."

I, for one, cannot guess what object "John" had in exposing the foibles of his own wife. His "style" of writing, to say the least, is rather common-place, although there is decided originality in his declaration that he "will be hanged if he does not believe he and his wife will have style for breakfast" and "dinner" and "supper."

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

For the Guide.

#### A LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

A VOICE FROM KENTUCKY.—CHANGE OF EDITORS.—READING MATTER.—THE SUBJECT OF COLOR, AGAIN.—THE GUIDE IN KENTUCKY.

DEAR GUIDE:—We were very much gratified upon opening the last number of the *GUIDE*, to find a notice announcing a change in its editorial department. And we are especially glad that it has been moved to Hartford. We have felt for the last twelve months that there was need of exchange—a very great need. We have nothing at all personal against Mr. Smith. Personally we know but very little of him. We met him once in the city of Boston. He then treated us very politely. This was before he occupied the editorial chair. But we will say of his career as editor, that we think he has not managed the *GUIDE* either ably or for the true good of its subscribers. The mutes in my neighborhood

who have been taking it, are getting heartily tired of its present character, and are out of the notion of taking it any longer. Now we do not want the *GUIDE* to suspend for want of patronage, but we have felt that it would assuredly fall through unless it was made a better paper. We are very glad that the deaf mutes of our country have a paper of their own. We would like to see it well sustained. We think there are enough, and more than enough educated mutes, in the land, to keep its columns filled with first-rate reading matter—matter suited especially to Deaf mutes.

We have thought upon looking over some of the issues of this past year, that most of the articles were not fit for mutes or any body else to read. Many of them were articles that most mutes could not read understandingly. It strikes us, that good useful information about men and things, would be much more acceptable to the majority of your readers, than any fictitious stories, however interesting or well written. There are a great many things relating to common life, that mutes do not know, and which they yet might know, if proper steps were taken to give them the instruction. We are surrounded by a whole world full of the noble works of God, very few of which we can see in a life-time. There are half a dozen continents on the globe, containing hundreds and thousands of things about which mutes might be, and ought to be taught. And we are in the midst of a most outrageous civil war, about which all mutes like to be informed, and posted up. There are an infinite variety of sources whence matter might be drawn to grace your columns, and make your readers intelligent and interested in your paper. And so we think there is no good excuse for not having your paper well stocked with good reading matter.

Allow me to say that stories are of no earthly benefit to any body save the author. "Lizzie" seems to write very well, and with considerable imagination, and yet we frankly confess to her, that we are not one whit the wiser for having read "The Scarecrow." And we are not one single step nearer heaven than before. We would, an infinite deal rather, have a good long letter of travels, or from Washington, than the most finely wrought story she can get up.

There have been some very wordy articles written about climate, and color, and isothermal lines, and one thing and another. Now your "R.P.'s," "J.R.B.'s," &c., might write till doomsday, and they would not have then any more the true explanation of these matters than they have now. Upon this globe, our habitation, we find Indians of one color, and negroes of another, and Europeans of a third. And we know of a certainty, that as far back as we have any historical records, these peoples have always possessed their present respective colors. No man is able to explain the philosophy of his color. Nor have we facts enough to prove, in any one case, how a nation came by its color. We have not facts hardly to make deductions from. Therefore you cannot establish any law in the matter. The whole thing reminds us of the story of the old schoolmen of the Middle Ages, who used to argue furiously on the question of how many thousands of angels could dance on the point of a needle without jostling each other. The schoolmen were the wise and educated men of the Middle and Dark Ages. They lived about in monasteries, shut up from the world. As they had but few books to read, and but little to do, they spent much of their time in idle disputation.

We hope that those who undertake to write for the readers of the *GUIDE*, will bear in mind to write as simply as possible. It is only simple language that is comprehended by congenital deaf mutes generally. Write simply. He that writes the simplest will be the favorite of all. Let us have matter also that is calculated to benefit the spiritual as well as the intellectual man. We want the *GUIDE* to have a good wide circulation among mutes in this region. If it is got up in a style beyond their comprehension, you will of course lose their support.

Yours, &c. CAROLUS.

Danville, Ky., December, 1861.

THE AGE OF FORTY-SIX.—Thomas Hood died at the age of forty-six, at the very moment when he had excited the greatest expectation. There seems to be a fatality at this period of life for a certain class of intellects, nearly as great as that which has rendered climacteric of a soldier's and the statesman's life. At forty-six Pitt gave up the ghost, and passed away in the prime of his powers. At forty-six Napoleon lost the battle at Waterloo and ended his career. At forty-six Wellington won that battle, and may be said almost to have commenced his civil career. At forty-seven Nelson's hour had come at Trafalgar. At the same age the active and brilliant part of Lord Palmerston's career commenced at the Foreign Office; Mr. Disraeli exhibited his peculiarities as Minister; and Dr. Arnold, who possessed the statesman's type of intellect, wrote in his diary—"Vixi." In literature, we find that Spenser died at forty-six, Addison at forty-seven, Goldsmith at forty-six, Hood at forty-six—all men notable for some peculiarity in their way of drawing from "the well of English undellied."

For the Guide.

#### REVIEW OF THE WEATHER.

NUMBER FIVE.

The following is an account of the weather for 1856:

Clear days, . . . . .	115
Cloudy days, . . . . .	45
Rainy days, . . . . .	119
Snowy days, . . . . .	77
Days of rain and snow, . . . . .	10
	366

The following is an account of the temperature for 1856:

Cold days, . . . . .	94
Cool days, . . . . .	103
Pleasant days, . . . . .	61
Warm days, . . . . .	89
Hot days, . . . . .	14
	366

The winter of 1855-56 was one of the severest and most protracted winters for many years.

Jan. 1.—The Allegheny river was closed. Jan. 5.—There was a tremendous snow-storm at Philadelphia, which brought from 15 to 18 inches of snow on a level, with very heavy drifts, which blocked up roads and impeded travel for some days.

Jan. 9.—The thermometer ranged from 10 to 18 deg. below zero at Pittsburgh and vicinity; at 24 deg. below zero at Chicago; 24 deg. at Springfield, Ohio; 17 deg. at Cleveland; 8 deg. at Philadelphia; 3 deg. above zero at Washington city. The excessive cold was hard on gas in Pittsburgh and other cities. The gas was entirely frozen in some places! [A rather tough statement, if taken literally. The author's evident meaning is this. The watery vapors contained in the gas were condensed by the cold, and flowing to some part of the pipe lower than others, there congealed, thus blocking up the passage of the gas. In this town (Bangor) the pipes are laid six feet underground; still such catastrophes frequently happen.—Ed.]

Jan. 12.—An unusually heavy and severe snow storm commenced at about four o'clock P. M., at Pittsburgh, and continued with more or less violence for two days, during which time the snow fell to the depth of about two feet on a level. The trains on the railroads leading to Pittsburgh were thrown out of time by the deep snow. On the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, a passenger train on its way to Pittsburgh, was stuck for two days in an immense snow-drift at Buffalo Creek, which entirely buried one of the locomotives. The roofs of several buildings were broken down under the weight of the snow.

At Philadelphia, there was a tremendous rain in the night of the same day (the 12th,) which, with the great quantity of snow on the roofs and in the streets, caused a great overflow—filling cellars, drenching ground and even third stories of houses that had never been known to leak before. In every direction many persons were busily engaged a good portion of the night in protecting their beds, furniture, and carpets from the inundation.

Jan. 22.—There was a singular phenomenon at Pittsburgh, about one o'clock in the morning. It was so light that any person could read without much difficulty, though the moon did not shine, being entirely obscured by clouds. The unusual light was probably caused by the Aurora Borealis.

Jan. 23.—The Delaware river was still tight and strong. Three gentlemen drove on it from Burlington, N. J., to Philadelphia, a distance of about twenty miles.

January was noted for the unprecedented cold, and for heavy, deep and general snows. At Austin, Texas, ice four inches in thickness was hoisted—formed in the rivers thereabouts. In Boston, Mass., the cold was so severe as to split the linden-trees on the sidewalks as though an iron wedge had been driven into them!

Feb. 1.—The greatest snow-storm that was ever experienced, occurred at Oswego, N. Y. "The cars on the railroad stopped running; the window-shutters of the stores were not taken down, and the newspapers were not published for three days." The snow ranged from ten to twenty feet deep in some of the streets, and in some places the drifts were thirty feet deep!

Feb. 3.—At Meadville, Pa., the thermometer stood at 28 deg. below zero. At Franklin, Pa., it stood at 35 deg. below zero!

Feb. 6.—The thermometer stood at 14 deg. below zero in some parts of Pittsburgh. All the town clocks were stopped, owing to the intense cold. The Monongahela river was so fast closed with ice, that foot-passengers and even the heaviest teams could cross on the ice with perfect safety. . . . The Schuylkill river was frozen over for the third time during the season; the ice was from twelve to sixteen inches thick. . . . The Brazos river in Texas was frozen over so hard that horses and vehicles crossed on the ice. . . . The snow was twenty feet deep near Warsaw, Western New York. There were four trains stuck fast in the snow between Buffalo and Holmsville, a distance of eight miles.

Feb. 9.—The Delaware river had been ice-bound for a month. The City Ice Boat at last succeeded in breaking a passage by which a vessel arrived in Philadelphia, and two or three others cleared.

Feb. 11.—The sleighing, which had been



uninterrupted since the 5th of January, was terminated by a general thaw.

Feb. 12.—The snow at Salt Lake was 15 feet deep on the plains.

Feb. 13.—The weather was intensely cold again at Philadelphia. The thermometer stood at 8 deg. below zero at sunrise. The Delaware river was again closed with ice.

Feb. 14.—It was the coldest day of the season. The thermometer ranged from 13 to 24 deg. below zero at Pittsburgh and vicinity. The streets were covered with a solid coat of snow and ice to the depth of from six inches to four and even five feet.

The Cleveland Herald says it was so cold that the cows had to be driven into the houses to thaw their bags before milking!

The Yadkin river, in North Carolina, was frozen over entirely across, which had not been the case before for twenty years.

At New Orleans, there were 36 steamboats laid up, awaiting the movement of the ice.

Feb. 21.—Sleighs were still running on the Delaware river; there were regular lines of sleighs down to Kaign's Point, Gloucester and Red Bank.

Feb. 22.—There was a military parade on the ice across the Delaware.

Feb. 23.—The ice in the Monongahela river between Pittsburgh and Brownsville, measured two feet thick on an average! Attempts were made to blow up the ice with gunpowder, but with little success. The ice remained firm, though a hole about fifteen feet in diameter was made.

Feb. 24.—At Cincinnati, the ice in the Ohio river broke up, caused by a rise in the Licking River, which occasioned great damage. Eight steamboats lying at the levee were sunk, and several others greatly damaged by the ice.

Feb. 26.—The Monongahela river rose rapidly, owing to the mild weather; but no break-up of ice took place, though a large force of men were engaged in cutting a channel in the river to protect the steamboats from the effects of the expected break-up.

There was a serious break-up of ice in the Mississippi river at St. Louis, by which all the steamboats (55 in number) floated down with the ice; several were sunk, and others damaged.

Feb. 28.—No break-up of the ice in the Monongahela river, though it was still on the rise. Two ice plows were employed in cutting the ice. Most of the steamboats lying at the levee at Pittsburgh, had steam up, in order to prepare themselves for any emergency that might arise from the anticipated break-up. The ice at Brownsville moved only 100 feet, and became stationary again.

The City Ice Boat again cut a channel through the ice in the Delaware river, admitting some vessels.

Feb. 29.—The ice in the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers was detached from the shores by the rise, but still it did not move away. The Mississippi river, and the Ohio river from Cincinnati to the mouth, were clear of ice.

March 2.—It was very cold again. The expected break-up of ice in the Monongahela was postponed till the 22d.

March 10.—The thermometer ranged from 6 to 12 deg. below zero at Pittsburgh and vicinity at sunrise. At Bloomville, N. Y., the thermometer stood at 33 deg. below zero!

March 11.—There had been 86 successive days of freezing weather at Philadelphia.

March 13.—The ice in the Monongahela river at Brownsville, Pa., was said to be 14 feet thick! Cayuga Lake, in New York, was entirely frozen over for the first time in forty years.

March 17.—There were 15 steamboats at Marietta, Ohio, bound to Pittsburgh from ports below, waiting for a break-up of ice in order to come up to Pittsburgh.

March 22.—The ice in the Ohio and Monongahela rivers broke up at last. The ice in the Delaware river broke up below Bristol.

March 25.—The ice in the Alleghany river gave way only for some miles above Pittsburgh. The river had been ice-bound for nearly three months!

March 27.—There was a heavy snow-storm at Norfolk, Va.

March 28.—It was unusually cold for this season of the year. A good many persons asked, "Are we not drifting towards the North Pole?"

April 1.—A spring at the residence of Dr. Gazzam, near Pittsburgh, which had been running freely during the entire winter, froze up! A singular circumstance.

April 5.—The ice on the Alleghany above Freeport, Pa., gave way. The snow near Bethlehem, Pa., remained to the depth of three feet.

April 12.—A terrible and destructive tornado, accompanied by a heavy thunder shower, passed over Pittsburgh at half-past six o'clock in the evening. It commenced on or about Lake Michigan, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, but did not partake of the nature of a regular tornado till it reached the middle of Ohio at five o'clock in the afternoon. It was about seven hours in accomplishing one-third of its journey, but it did little damage to property. When it reached the middle of Ohio, it gathered such force as to sweep away dense forests. It was about half-past six o'clock when it crossed the Alleghany river, and it reached Philadelphia at half-past nine

o'clock—in about three hours! The other two-thirds of its journey was accomplished in five hours, as it passed from New Jersey into the ocean about ten o'clock, traveling at the rate of one hundred miles an hour!

The town of Harmony, Butler Co., Pa., was nearly wholly destroyed by the tornado, and they say the postmaster of that place was seen busily engaged with a pitchfork, trying to find the locality of the post-office.

The new bridge over the Alleghany river, at Kittanning, Pa., was raised from the piers bodily by the tornado, and dashed into the river below.

The tornado was felt with more severity in the northern part of Philadelphia, where about 265 buildings were either destroyed or badly injured.

I regret very much that there is no room in this review to give more particulars about this tornado, but suffice it to say it was a most extraordinary and terrific one, spreading ruin and desolation in its path; it crossed the States of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, from Lake Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean.

April 13.—There was a big flood in the Alleghany river.

April 21.—There was a heavy and severe snow-storm at Pittsburgh and elsewhere. In Somerset County, Pa., the snow was a foot deep on a level!

April 24.—The snow on the Alleghany Mountains was said to be still two feet deep.

May 30.—The weather continued cold and unseasonable. There was a fall of snow and hail at Pittsburgh and vicinity.

May 31.—There was a white frost and ice of from one-sixteenth to one-fourth of an inch thick at Pittsburgh and vicinity.

June 1.—There was another white frost at Philadelphia. At various points in Maine snow was falling.

June 22.—The weather was excessively hot, the thermometer attaining the height of 98 deg. in the shade. There was a tremendous thunder-shower at night which greatly cooled the atmosphere.

On the same day there was a very sudden and heavy blow at Philadelphia, lasting only a few minutes.

June 26.—There was a terrific thunder-shower at Pittsburgh; some hail fell during the storm.

In the early part of June there was a terrible inundation in the south of France; the loss was computed at no less than \$100,000,000! Men, women and children, sheep, cattle, horses, houses, and whole villages were carried away by the flood; turnpikes and railroads torn up and destroyed, &c., &c.

July 7.—A terrible tornado swept over portions of Franklin and Clinton counties, N. Y. It extended nearly forty miles, and destroyed four hundred houses, swept down forests, scattered fences; in short, leveled everything before it. Strange to say, as far as ascertained, only one life was lost.

July 17.—Hottest day of the season; the mercury at 99 deg. in the shade.

In reference to the weather of this summer, the record at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, says—"Hottest Summer since 1831, and the driest on our record."

Aug. 3.—There was a rather singular phenomenon at Pittsburgh. There was a hole or breach in the clouds, through which the sun shone (having no rays, as it was red).

The hole exactly resembled a sheep lying on the ground. It was visible only a few minutes, and then closed up.

Aug. 5, 6.—There was a heavy and tremendous rain-storm at Philadelphia and vicinity. The amount of rain was upwards of five inches, and the storm occasioned much damage to property.

Aug. 26.—There was frost at Germantown and other places.

Sept. 1.—There was a mock sun at the southern side of the sun, and a short semi-halo at the western side.

Sept. 10.—It was oppressively hot. The thermometer at my father's house at 92 deg. at noon, and at 97 deg. at three o'clock. In Philadelphia, at noon on the same day, the thermometer stood at 80 deg., and on the day following (Sept. 11th) it stood at 87 deg. at noon, and at 90 deg. at three o'clock.

Sept. 17.—There was a slight fall of snow on the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Charlottesville, Va.

Sept. 22.—There were two halos around the sun at the same time.

Sept. 23.—There was a slight fall of snow during a protracted rain-storm at Pittsburgh. A few flakes of snow also fell on the 24th.

Oct. 1.—Snow fell at intervals during the day at Pittsburgh. A severe snow-storm took place in Jefferson Co., Pa.—the snow so deep as to seriously impede travel. There was a heavy fall of snow in Pocahontas Co., Va., which was succeeded by severe frosts, killing buckwheat and corn crops.

Oct. 5.—There was ice at Riverton, N. J.

Oct. 13.—Eighteen inches of snow fell at Ontonagon, on Lake Superior.

Nov. 2.—A great change took place in the temperature. Yesterday, at noon, 70 deg. was registered—*to-day*, at the same time, only 45 deg., at Philadelphia.

Nov. 6.—The canal was frozen over.

Nov. 26.—There was a remarkably heavy fog at Philadelphia; and yet so cold was it that the moisture on the trees froze as it col-

lected; adhering to the twigs and forming a beautiful spectacle.

Dec. 2.—There was a terrible snow-storm on Lake Michigan and its shores—many buildings being swept away, piers damaged, &c. In many places the snow fell to the depth of six feet, obstructing railroads, &c.

Dec. 11.—There was a tremendous rain, mingled with snow and hail, at Philadelphia and vicinity.

Dec. 19.—It was intensely cold. The thermometer ranged from five to ten degrees above zero at sunrise, at Philadelphia. In some places in Vermont the mercury was down to 24 deg. below zero. The Schuylkill river froze over above Bristol, Pa.

Dec. 20.—The ice broke up in the Schuylkill river, owing to the mild weather.

Dec. 22.—The Schuylkill river was again frozen over; the ice was five inches thick, and afforded excellent skating for some days.

The following table exhibits the temperature of the months of 1856, at Philadelphia:

Months.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
January, . . . . .	40	—4	24.15
February, . . . . .	46	2	26.10
March, . . . . .	48	5	32.85
April, . . . . .	80	24	53.36
May, . . . . .	87	40	60.00
June, . . . . .	96	38	74.44
July, . . . . .	98	64	79.68
August, . . . . .	90	53	72.85
September, . . . . .	90	44	67.30
October, . . . . .	78	35	55.58
November, . . . . .	75	31	45.43
December, . . . . .	61	9	32.72

Average of 1856, . . . . . 51.20

The warmest day of 1856 was July 18th, the highest point of the thermometer being 98 deg. in the shade.

The coldest day of the year was January 9th, the mercury ranging from three to eight degrees below zero at sunrise; while at Pittsburgh, the coldest day was February 14th, the thermometer ranging from 13 to 24 deg. below zero.

A MERE TYPO.

#### THE PRISONER'S CHILD.

It was early morning.

"Is this way to —?"

"Yes," roughly replied a brown-faced countryman, and passed on.

It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw, her shoes much torn, the sun playing hotly on her forehead. She walked on and on an hour longer.

"Is this the way to —?"

"Yes, little girl, but what are you going there for?"

The child passed on, her lip quivering, but not deigning to answer the pleasant-faced old man, who had stopped the jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, sad as its expression was.

The dew was falling; Katy had almost fallen too.

A rough stone by the way, embedded in moss, received her tired little frame. She looked so weary and aged, sitting there, her tangled hair falling on the hands that were clasped over her face. By the shaking of her frame, the tears were coming too, and she was bravely trying to hold them back.

"Why! what is this dear little girl doing here?"

The exclamation came from a pair of eager young lips.

"A curiosity, I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice, and Katy, looking up suddenly, covered away from the sight of the pretty young girl and her agreeable-looking companion.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer to the frightened child.

"Going to —," said Katy in a scared way.

"Did you ever, George! this child is going to —; why it is ten miles off! Child, did you know it was so far off?"

Katy shook her head, and wept away the hot and heavy tears one by one.

"Why, yes, you poor little goose! What are you going to — for? Have you had any supper?"

Katy shook her head.

"Have you had any dinner?"

Again the child shook her head.

"Nor breakfast? Why, George, the poor little thing must be almost starved!"

"I should think so," mechanically replied the brother, just recovering from a yawn, and showing signs of sympathy.

"Look here; what is your name?"

"Katy."

"Well, Katy, you must come up to the house and get something to eat. Going to — on foot, dear me, how ridiculous! Follow me, Katy, and we'll take care of you to-night somehow, and we'll see about your going to — to-morrow."

Katy followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view; the palatial house, the rocks reddening in the low western sun; the shining river, the signs of luxury on every hand.

They walked up a wide avenue, elms and oaks threw their pleasant branches on each side; here and there a flower bush might be seen, vines grew around the noble pillars, twisting up, up to the glittering windows.

"Susan, give this child a good supper, she is hungry, and tired, too, I imagine; after that I will see what can be done for her."

Susan wore a mild face; she looked pleasantly down at the poor, tired little one, and taking her hand, which trembled now, led her into the kitchen.

Meanwhile her story, or that brief part of it which we know, was being told in the drawing room. The sylph-like figure in white, lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narrative by expressive gestures and now and then a laugh.

"I should like to know what she is going to — for," she said, leaning languidly back. "We must get her up something to wear; a bonnet, a pair of shoes, and then maybe we can manage to have her carried some way, if her errand is of any importance. Oh, what an odd-looking little thing!"

"Who is that, my daughter?"

"Oh, papa, you are come back!—why I was talking about a mite of a child; she can't be more than ten, if that. I saw her out here sitting on a moss rock, the most forlorn object. She said she was going to —."

"I met her on my way," said the pleasant-faced old man. "She asked me about it, and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on. Where is she now? It was noon when I saw her."

"In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking good care of her I expect, and when she has had a hearty supper we will talk with her."

A gay trio of young girls came in. The needle work was laid aside, the gas burned brightly, and music and mirth banished all thoughts of care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remembered the odd little figure, and clapping her hands, cried, "Oh, I've something to show you," and disappeared.

Susan was picking gooseberries near the pantry in the kitchen.

"Where is the child, Susy?" asked Nell Maywood.

Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries, and walked deliberately to the door.

"Why, she was here some time after supper. I turned and came in; she was sitting there, looking up—at the stars, I expect. I thought she was a mighty quiet child, but she's deep, deep, Miss Nelly. She's gone! Let me see, there ain't any silver about—I should be afraid she'd took something; they're mighty artful."

"Why, didn't you tell her she might stay all night?" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there, to spy her, if possible.

"Yes, Miss Nell, and told her what a good bed there was over the shed; but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers, and never seemed to hear."

"The poor child is in trouble," said Nell quite sorrowfully, that she could not further relieve her necessities. "I'd have given her something to wear, and we should have sent her to —; but perhaps she will come back again; if so, send her to me."

"If she does, I will, Miss," answered Susan, going into the gooseberries again.

But little Katy did not come back. She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone some time. She slept in an open field—crawled into some hay. She would have walked all night, if she dared, but she was afraid of the darkness.

"Mr. Warder, there's a queer case over at my house," said a bluff-looking fellow, meeting one of the officers of — prison. "We found her last night in some out-of-the-way place, and nothing to do but my wife must take her in. We can't find out her name, except that it's Katy, and I think she wants to see somebody in the prison; we can't get anything out of her—where she came from, or anything about it."

"Bring her over here," said Mr. Warder; "my wife wants a little girl to help her with the housework—maybe she's just the one that will suit."

So in a few moments Katy stood, trembling more than ever, in the presence of Mr. Warder. Katy was a pretty child; her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been nicely combed and curled, and some one had put a pair of shoes on her feet.

"Well, my little girl," said Mr. Warder, kindly, for he was prepossessed in her favor, "where have you come from?"

"London," said the child, faintly.

The men looked at each other incredulously.

"Do you mean to say that you have come to — from London on foot?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"And what have you come for?"

"To see my father," the child burst forth, with one great sob, and for a moment her little frame was shaken by a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father?" asked Mr. Warder, kindly.

"He is Mr. Lloyd," said the child, as soon as she could speak for the gushing sobs.

Mr. Warder looked at the jailor.

"Lloyd! there are three Lloyds here—Jim, Bondy and Dick," said the jailor.

"They may not be their proper names," responded Mr. Warder.

"Just so," said the jailor, "but I can try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name Jim?"

The child nodded her head, or they thought she did; she was all convulsed by the reaction brought on by the termination of her journey.

"If it's Jim, he's a bad one," said the jailor, in a low voice; "he's in irons this morning, for tempting to break jail; he don't deserve a little gal as looks like that one, the villain! Come, child, I'll go and find your father."

He took Katy's shaking hand; with the other she dashed the tears away as fast as they fell. It frightened her almost into calmness to see the ponderous door at which the jailor applied the great key; and the stillness of the long stone passages, the dimness thrown over all, the constant succession of bars and bleak, black walls were terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the tread of the jailor, and the tread of Mr. Warder behind him, echoed through the gloom and space! It was, in truth, a great tomb through which they moved—a tomb in which were confined human hearts, whose throbs could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On they went, now through this massive door, now through that passage way. Everything spoke of crime, of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control.

Then they turned and went up stairs, the jailor holding the scared hand close to his side with a tender clasp, Mr. Warder following. Another tramp, and at last they came to a stand still. The jailor came to a cell door. Slowly the figure of a man with a harsh, hair-covered face appeared.

"Here's your little girl come to see you," said the jailor.

"Little girl! hem! you're green," said the man in gruff accents. "I've got no little girl or you wouldn't catch me here."

"Father," said the childish voice. It sounded so sweet, so childish, in that terrible prison. But the scowling face came closer to the bars, the child hid her head quickly in the jailor's arm, half sobbing; it wasn't him.

"We'll try the next one." He walked farther on, and spoke more pleasantly this time.

"Well, Bondy, here is little Katy; don't you want to see her?"

"Little Katy"—there was a long pause. "I had a little Katy once—not a little Katy; I broke her heart; God pity me! Go on, it can't be for me."

Again the sweet voice rang out "Father!" The prisoner came close up to the bars; a youthful face, framed with light, wavy hair—a face in which the blue eyes looked innocent—a face that it seemed a sin to couple with the foul deed—gazed out. It saw the child's earnest, pleading, tearful eyes. A dark expression rolled like a wave across his brow; a groan came up from his bosom, and with a low moan he staggered against his bed, crying,—

"Take her away; I can't stand the sight of anything pure like that!"

Katy had hidden her face a second time, as she feebly cried, "It isn't him," so they kept on to the third cell.

"Jim, here's a little girl—little Katy, your daughter, wants to see you."

A stupid "What?" came from the bed; the man had probably just awakened.

"Your little daughter?"

There was a sound of rattling irons that made the child shiver. Dimly appeared the face and outlines of a well-made man, the countenance handsome, but evil. He seemed not to comprehend; but as fast as his chains would permit him, he came forward and looked out at the anxious face below. It was almost too much for the child. With a loud, convulsive cry she exclaimed, "Father! father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailor.

"Katy!" exclaimed the man, and there was a nervous twitching about the muscles of the mouth, "what in heaven's name brought her here?"

The jailor was calling the child to consciousness.

"Shall we let her come in?" asked Mr. Warder.

Jim was dashing his hand across his face. A smothered "yes" issued from his lips. They opened the ponderous door and put the child within. Her arms were outstretched, his were wide open, and they came together, with a clanking sound, about the form of that poor little child.

"Oh, father!"

"Oh, Katy, Katy!"

And then there was a quiet crying. By and by the man lifted the little head whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulder—and oh! what a sharp rattle of the chains smote on the ear—and looked in her face. After a moment's irresolution, he kissed her, and then his head fell under her earnest, loving look.

"Katy, what made you come?"

"I wanted to see you, father," and the head was on his shoulder again.

"How did you come, Katy? Never mind the noise, they are locking up; they will be here again and let you out; and how did you come, Katy?"

"I walked here."

"From London, child?"

"Yes, father!"

There was no sound, save that of the chains as he strained her closer to his bosom.

"And how did you leave—her—Katy—your mother?"

The question was fearfully asked, but not

responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face; his little lip was quivering.

"Katy, tell me quick!"

"She died, father!"

A groan, a terrible groan, followed